No. 28. PAGE 109

THE HIVE.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,——TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1804.

ESSAYS.

THE PASSENGER—No. XVI.

THE next morning at breakfast, I attempted to banter SERENA, respecting a gentleman who had spent the evening before at the house. My design was not *merely* to introduce conversation, instead of the silence which reigned at table: but to obtain further particulars, for affixing a *just* estimate on the character of SERENA, who had appeared so amiable in the former interview. There is no subject, on which I place so full reliance, for discovering the true character of an unmarried woman, as that of matrimony. In a discoure upon this topic, truth and candour are not only *rare charms*, of which few women know the power; but they may be considered as certain indications of goodness.

I introduced my remarks, by observing that the gentleman's visit was probably designed for one of the sisters, but his conversation was so general, that I could not ascertain which of the two was the object of his most particular attention. SERENA replied, that she supposed herself *not* to be the object, as nothing had occured in his manner or discourse, which would authorize a supposition that he entertained a partiality for her, though he frequently came to the house. Women, said I, do not always consider themselves under obligation to give their *real* sentiments in a conversation of this nature. If they give *any*, said she, they ought to give those which are *real*. Pardon my putting a few questions then, to compare your practice with your theory.—Did you watch the gentleman's manner, for the purpose of ascertaining whether his attentions were designed for you? I did. If you had found they *were*, would it have been pleasing? It would; for I esteem that young man as a very worthy character, who bids fair to make an excellent husband. Then you do not follow the practice which is so common, of denying that you ever thought upon the subject of matrimony? Far from that; I think the woman who does deny it, acts a foolish part; if it be *not* true, *falsehood* renders the assertion ridiculous; and if it be true, a *neglect of duty* makes it still more so; for the duties of a wife are so numerous, and so difficult to acquire, that she who does not study them, until she becomes such, can never make a good one. Then you have made those duties your study?—Indeed I have—they are my daily study; for if I *should* become a wife, it shall be my endeavor to be one of the *best*; and if I should not, this study will fit me for being a better daughter, a better sister, a better friend, and a better member of society.——Lord! said SNARLETTA, do hold your nonsense!

Why Miss, said I, matrimony would be an agreeable subject I should imagine.—She tartly replied, it may be to *you*. And not to *you* also? It is a subject I suppose which you frequently contemplate. Not I, said she, I never thought of it in my life.

Mr. BLUNT, who with a smile had been listening to the conversation, now broke out in immoderate laughter.—Ha! ha! said he—SHE will BOX the COMPASS for you, as well as any one you ever heard. That, sir, is a SEA PHRASE, which I do not know that I rightly comprehend; especially as applied to the present conversation. I will explain it then, said he—You know that there are thirty-two points round the compass? Yes. You know that every one of these points has an appropriate name? Yes. Well, a sailor has to learn these names, so as to repeat them forward and backward, with readiness; this is what is *generally* understood by boxing the compass;—but what is more particularly the signification of the term is this; instead of the two and thirty proper names, they apply as many oaths; that is to say, you must swear a different oath at every point; and practise until you can utter them with fluency forward and backward. This is not the UNIFORM mode; it is only practised by some few of the contemptible part of that useful class; I wish I could say as much of the other sex, but it is out of my power; for the greater part of them will tell lies upon matrimonial subjects, as readily as the most fluent sailor will swear round the compass.—Poh! said I, don't use such HARSH expressions of ladies in the presence of ladies.—Oh yes, said he, you wish to ingratiate yourself with the LADIES, and instead of calling a lie by its proper name, you would dub it a MISTAKE or a FIB, or some other pretty thing, as soft as their muffs—none of your softening qualifications—plain truth is a jewel; it is the only literary traffic in which I deal, and if you or the ladies don't like it, there will be an embargo on our social commerce; so if you ever meet me, where lies are in circulation, you will perfectly comprehend what I mean by BOXING THE COMPASS.

As breakfast was now over, we separated, and I could not but reflect on the injurious tendency of any custom which operates to undermine the sacredness of uncorrupted integrity. Mr. BLUNT's observations were so just, that I could disapprove of nothing, but the unadorned manner in which they were delivered. That fashion must be corrupt which sanctions a departure from truth, even with the base; what then shall we say of a general custom, which authorizes the most unqualified deviations of that sex, to whom we look for examples of undissembling rectitude.

FOR THE HIVE.

LIBERTY. EQUALITY.

And the Rights of Women.

BE *it known*, That I, Mary Wolstonecraft, late a sojourner in the land of the living; but now an inhabitant of Satan's Kingdom, have always been fully sensible of the inconvenience of dress, order and modesty. That since my arrival in this hot climate, I have experienced peculiar pleasure in being liberated from the garments which the tyranny of man had *forced* me to assume. That I have always considered myself a second Sampson, and a champion for the natural rights and privileges of my sex. That, as such, it is a duty incumbent on me, at all times to study their convenience, and pleasure; and to assist them in gratifying every desire they are pleased to indulge. And, that, actuated by the above assigned *specious* and *honorable* motives, I have thought proper to issue the following

PROCLAMATION.

To the faithful and independant of my sex, who read my justly celebrated work on the RIGHTS of WOMEN, and are convinc-

ed of the truths therein advanced, *Greeting*: Whereas, it hath seemed good to the great ruler of *Tartarus*, to afflict you, from time immemorial, with divers misfortunes; and to oppress you with grievous restraints. As the ways of your friend, and benefactor are obscured in darkness, and his judgments past comprehension; it was your duty quietly to acquiesce in his chastisements. Your cup of bitterness was nearly full, ere it fell to my lot to descend upon the earth. When a child, I felt the *sacred flame* kindling in my bosom. From my parents I soon heard those laws of modesty and decorum, to which, you were obliged to conform. With indignation, I beheld your shackles; and studying your good rather than *my own gratification*, I resolved to burst them. I nobly became an example, and *bravely* pointed out the way to freedom, extacy, and unrestrained enjoyment. I conversed, I wrote in your defence; and to convince the world of the *purity* of *my principles*; and the *innocency* of *my doctrine*, I practised it at all times, and in all places. With freedom I declare, that my success was wonderful; and that I obtained more proselytes than ever woman or man gained. In Britain, and in France, especially, my system has attained its highest degree of perfection. Yes, my name is consecrated on the altar of liberty, and shall be handed to posterity amidst the united plaudits of—millions of my sex. To promote the cause in which I have embarked, is my only study. Since my arrival in these regions, I have thought that the dress which man *forces you to wear*; is the whole charm by which his despotism is maintained. This idea was further confirmed, by reflecting upon the care which he ever exercises, to keep you warmly clothed. My companions, and myself, finally, determined to put off our garments. Our expedient produced the most surprising effect. Men and devils gazed with extacy; and for a while, they were as tame as—tygers. The charm, however, was dissolved. Perceiving our influence on the decline, and that our admirers left us by degrees; we unanimously agreed to detain them by force. And there is not a woman in this kingdom, who has not a seraglio of fifteen or twenty men. I have fifty. Mahomet's paradise, is by no means so delightful as ours. From this experiment, I have discovered, that a surprising affinity exists, between manners, dress, and what is vulgarly called, morals. By the laws of modesty, every beauty must be concealed; but by the laws of nature, the use of garments is wholly condemned. If your maker, that is, if you have any, intended you should wear a parcel of paltry rags, why were you not sent into the world, arrayed in gew-gaws, and dressed, like poppets? You shall be slaves no longer. I will introduce, by degrees, the simple, unspotted dress of nature.

In order to accomplish which, I hereby decree & ordain; that from & after this time. all gowns be cut very low in the bosom; and likewise that they be entirely destitute of sleeves. I moreover decree, that the bosom of every female be uncovered, and that not even a gauze handkerchief be placed, to intercept the vision of the beholders. I wholly abolish the order of *petticoats*, and ordain, that no woman who is a friend to the rights of her sex, presume to wear one on any occasion. I decree that the word "petticoat" be erased from evey dictionary, spelling book, novel, farce, and tragedy upon the face of the earth; and I forbid every mother on pain of suffering the most dreadful penalties, from repeating the word in the presence of her children. Henceforth, there shall be but *two garments* worn; and let those be as *thin as possible*. I also recommend, that the gowns be not made *full*; and that when walking, they be drawn tight round the body; in order to display symmetry of proportion, delicacy of shape, &c. &c. all which I very well know will *bewitch* your tyrants. And furthermore, being sensible that the friends of modesty will leave no measures unattempted to prevent your compliance with my orders; I hereby forbid you noticing whatsoever they may do, or say. I command you to treat, with just contempt, any person, or persons, who may satirize, or even mention this edict in your presence. I forbid you speaking, or keeping company, with any man who does not admire these regulations. I command, and exhort you, as you respect my principles, value the rights of your sex, and desire to become inhabitants of these warm abodes, to comply with whatever I have herein inculcated. The libertine and volatile part of your tyrants will yield you every necessary assistance. *And whereas*, many married women and daughters may meet with obstructions in their *laudable design*, from the jealousy, and perveresness of their tyrants: *Now be it known*, that, in case such events happen, you are to remonstrate with becoming spirit, and resolution; three several times in the course of six hours; and after waiting five minutes, to discover whether, or, not, you have gained your point; you are by these presents permitted, nay, exhorted to proceed to *extremeties*, when, wherever, and as often, as, to you or either of you, may seem fit. Given from my palace in the centre of the Infernal Regions this first day of the twenty-third month, Anno Diaboli 27,000

(Signed) WOLSTONECRAFT.

A true copy,

Chesterfield, *private sec'ry.*

Jefferson College, Dec. 9, 1804.

Remark.—Young men are subtle arguers—the cloak of honor covers all their faults, as that of passion all their follies.

THE ADVANTAGES OF ADVERSITY.

BY A LADY.

"Though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms as horrid; yet my virtue,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break;
And stand unshaken." Shakespeare.

WE are the inheritors of sorrow; and he who has not felt that, knows not the native grandeur of his soul It is not, when reclining on the voluptuous couch of prosperity, that we feel we are more than earth; it is when adversity drags us from the blandishment of pleasure, that the immortal spirit within us exerts her power; revealing, to our astonished eyes, the gorgeous magnificence of the splendid world, in all its intrinsic littleness and folly; and, leading us into the rugged path of life, shews us how to prove ourselves worthy immortality, by undauntedly combating the opposing powers of vice, malice and misfortune. The satellites of riches naturally tend to harden the heart, and make it indifferent to the happiness of any but itself. Led early in life to the gay garden of pleasure, where a bright sun forever blazes in the sky; where nature and art unite in closest concord to render the scene beautiful and bewitching to the senses: the magnificent stores of the east are poured before them; the most sumptuous garments of the world are thrown at their feet; their board is loaded with the most delicious viands, served in dishes of refulgent gold and silver: Arabia wafts her most spicy gales to revive them, and harmony warbles her most entrancing sounds to soothe them into rest; they feel of a race superior to their fortune; and, swelled with her "highblown pride," they spurn the supplicating son of misery from their gates. They have not an idea of his sorrows, therefore they know not how to pitty them. But let him turn from the mansion of "swilled insolence," to that of temperance and misfortune; there will he find the softened soul of a brother ready to sympathise in his woes and to pour the assuaging balm of comfort into his breaking heart.

A man thus rendered poor by the mischances of life, and unhappy by the unkindness and ingratitude of those who stiled themselves his friends, struggles against the storm——if he has a wife or children to protect—until, overcome with exertion, he sinks into the arms of his maker, a martyr to his affection and virtue. But, if he be alone on the earth, he retires to some deep solitude; and there, in the conversation of his books and heaven, he hears the words of the dead applaud him for his seclusion from the temptation of a dishonorable world; religion will shed her glories around his head; and meliorating his mind to a pensive resignation, will sublime his soul to such a purity, that when he dies, all he

as to resign on earth, is breath. This mild composure of the mind, is what Beattie means when he exclaims—

Ah! what is mirth, but turbulence unholy;
When with the charm compar'd, of heavenly melancholy!

On her soft bosom, pensive queen, the widowed matron rests her sorrowing head; thou hearest her earnest vows of faithful widowhood; thou wipest the scalding tears from her sad eyes, and soothest her into peace. To thee, also flies the unhappy maid, who breathes a hopeless love, wandering amid the mazes of solitude, far from the world, and the dear object of her fond affection, she subjugates the wild agonies of her passion to thy mild influence; a tender philanthropy fills her breast; by rendering others happy, she heals the bleeding wounds of her lacerated earth! Though, sometimes, the sigh of tender recollection will heave her bosom; a tear to her luckless fate will tremble in her eye; and her disappointed heart sicken at the illusive happiness of the world; yet, in the shades of retirement, she breathes the prayer of resignation; becomes the protectoress of the afflicted, and dies the death of a saint. Thus "Virtue is like some perfumes, which are most fragrant when burnt or bruised; for prosperity best discovers vice, but adversity, virtue."

MISCELLANY.

THE BRIGHT SPOON.

EVERY thinking man will have occasion to reflect, in the course of life, how often the greatest evils originate from the most trifling causes.

I was the son of a poor laboring man. When a child, I had several brothers and sisters; we were all decently provided for, considering the circumstances of our family, and were reckoned very clever children in general, though we partook in common of those imperfections which mark human nature, even in the fairest budding of infancy.

Among the humble list of family utensils which were allotted to us, was a *spoon*, apparently new, and brighter than the rest. This proved a source of contention, and an object of ambition for some time among the children. Often was that solicitude, so common to persons of our age, as to what we should eat or drink, lost in the more important question, *who should eat with the new spoon?* And often did each of us find occasion to boast of some superior act of cunning or strength in securing this main point. At length the glittering cause of contention produced so much squalling, pulling of hair and battering of noses, that the house daily exhibited a very unpleasant scene. The arguments or chastisements of our parents availed nothing; obstinacy and pride ruled our little bosoms, in spite of all parental regulations; nor was peace restored, until the *bright spoon* was taken away, and the just rigor of our parents had obliged us to eat (though rather sullenly at first) with rough hewn wooden ladles!

This little circumstance, though trifling in itself, has more than once occurred to me in a forcible light. And even now, at the age of 75, I find frequent occasion to apply it to the most important scenes of human life.

When I observe, as, to my infinite regret, I often *must* observe, the path of conjugal life strewed with thorns, and the sacred connection of husband and wife embittered with miserable dissentions; when I see two persons in this hallowed union (whose duty it is, and whose ambition it ought to be, to comfort and assist one another, to veil each other's frailties, and cherish each other's virtues) wasting, nay, worse than wasting, the fleeting seasons of youth or maturity in bitter revilings, recriminations, jealousies, and unceasing quarrels—when I see this, and investigate the cause of such unhappy disturbance, nine times in ten I find the origin of all this misery in some trifle, which either might concede, or both relinquish—nothing more than a *bright spoon!*

When I see neighbors, who have every comfort of life at command, and every inducement to live in peace with one another, indulging mutual jealousy, rancor, and open hostility, infusing even into the tender bosoms of their infants the gall of reciprocal hatred; and finally carrying on their warfare by long and expensive law-suits, and when their all is expended to no purpose—how often do I hear both acknowledge that all this has arisen from some cause, the most insignificant and childish—that they have been squabbling for a *bright spoon*: and that, after all this, they are obliged to put with wooden ladles!

When I see empires and rival nations, led on by the madness, the avarice or the pride of a few, in defiance of every humane feeling or moral principle, rushing together like herds of wild beasts, nay, worse than wild beasts, *preying upon their own kind*, drenching the earth with blood, and obscuring the light of heaven with the smoke of their battles—how often do I trace these dreadful things to causes the most despicable—how often do I find occasion to exclaim—alas, that all this uproar should be made about a *bright spoon!*

The fondness of children for toys—the tenacity with which they cling to, and defend them, appears very simple in *our* eyes. Yet how infinitely more simple, and wicked, must our foolish contentions appear in the eyes of a Supreme Being!

When will individuals, when will nations be wise? When shall we learn—not to waste the best moments of life and the noblest opportunities of happiness, in foolish and wicked contentions about a *bright spoon*, lest heaven, in its just anger, should send us *wooden ladles*? ACASTO.

POLITICAL EXTRACT.

"ALTHOUGH political division is the inevitable consequence of liberty, and appears to be in a manner, necessary to perpetuate its existence, yet "there is a mean to all things." While it extends no farther than to create a watchful solicitude for the liberties of the people, it is to be countenanced; but when it extends beyond the sphere of political disquisition, and tends to create personal rancor, or to induce corrupt elections, and thereby to defeat the intention of the constitution, it virtually defeats the whole object of government—for the intention of a good government is to promote the prosperity and security of individuals. But when neighbor harbors a rancorous antipathy against neighbor, prosperity ceases; and when political and tumultuous broils pervade the country, the citizens are no longer secure.

"Then let us go "to our farms and to our merchandize,"—love our neighbors and salute our friends, regardless of the prevailing name, whether it be federal, republican, jew or gentile. Let us perpetuate our national existence, by checking the progress of vice, and introducing the goddess Religion, with her handmaid Virtue. For when intemperence, licentiousness, and all the catalogue of eastern vices prevail in a republican government, the people grow turbulent and restless under national restraint; form hasty and unjust notions of administration, which leads directly to anarchy and despotism.

"Such candor and virtuous unanimity would teach those restless politicians, who are the sole cause of all our dissentions and difficulties, that they must either sink into obscurity, or court popular favor with merit. Our country would consequendy be relieved from a grevious calamity, by the introduction of peace and tranquility. There the husbandman might then sit, enjoying the good of his labor undisturbed; here the divine might freely unfold the sacred volume to his listening people without reproach: the youth of our land might ascend the grades of science, free from the danger or of the poisonous breath of political discord: hills, valleys & woods would resound with vocal song, and time itself begin to roll anew."

THE HIVE.

THE last number commenced the second half year of the second volume of the *Hive*. Another payment is consequently in demand.

As the *Hive* derives no support from advertisements, it is hoped our Patrons will consider this and not delay payment.

POETRY.

Messrs. M'DOWELL & GREEAR,

Your giving the following lines a place in your next number, will gratify H. H.

—

ON earth there's nothing worth possessing,
Or can the ills of life beguile,
Without that dearest, sweetest blessing,
The magic of a woman's smile.

The glare of wealth, the pomp of fame,
Are senseless treasures, joyless, vile;
Are bawbles with a splendid name,
Without the charm of woman's smile.

The noxious clouds of motley care,
That thicken round our joys awhile,
Like morning mists, dissolve in air,
Before the beams of woman's smile.

How sweet the sun's bright beam must be,
After long night to Zembla's isle!
But oh! much sweeter far to me,
The sunshine of a woman's smile!

Then place me, Fate, where'er you may,
'Mid dreary waste, or savage isle;
For o'er my soul no gloom can stray,
While I am blest with woman's smile.

[*P. Fol.*] E.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS,

BY HIMSELF, IN A LETTER TO DR. MOORE.

—

SIR, *Mauchline, 2d Aug.* 1787.

FOR some months past I have been rambling over the country, but I am now confined with some lingering complaints, originating, as I take it, in the stomach. To divert my spirits a little in this miserable fog of ennui, I have taken a whim to give you a history of myself. My name has made some little noise in this country; you have done me the honor to interest yourself very warmly in my behalf; and I think a faithful account of what character of a man I am, and how I came by that character, may perhaps amuse you in an idle moment. I will give you an honest narrative, though I know it will be often at my own expence; for I assure you, I have, like Solomon, whose character, excepting in the trifling article of WISDOM, I sometimes think I resemble—I have, I say, like him, TURNED MY EYES TO BEHOLD MADNESS AND FOLLY, and like him, too, frequently shaken hands with their intoxicating friendship. After you have perused these pages, should you think them trifling and impertinent I only beg leave to tell you, that the poor author wrote them under some twitching qualms of conscience, arising from a suspicion that he was doing what he ought not to do; a predicament he has more than once been in before.

I have not the most distant pretensions to assume that character which the pyecoated guardians of escutcheons call a gentleman. When at Edinburgh last winter, I got acquainted in the Herald's office; and looking through that granary of honors, I there found almost every name of the kingdom; but for me.

My ancient but ignoble blood, has crept,
Through scoundrels ever since the flood.

Gules, Purpure, Argent, &c. quite disowned me.

My father was of the north of Scotland, the son of a farmer, and was thrown by early misfortune on the world at large; where after many years wandering and sojourning, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom. I have met with few who understand MEN, their manners and ways, equal to him; but stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headstrong ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances; consequently I was born a very poor man's son. For the first six or seven years of my life, my father was gardener to a worthy gentleman of a small estate in the neighborhood of Ayr. Had he continued in that station, I must have marched off to be one of the little underlings about a farm house; but it was his dearest wish and prayer to have it in his power to keep the children under his own eye until they could discern between good and evil: so, with the assistance of his generous master, my father ventured on a small farm on his estate. At those years I was by no means a favorite with any body: I was a great deal noticed for a retentive memory, a stubborn, sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic ideot piety. I say ideot piety, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar: and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and participles. In my infant and boyish days too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf candles, dead lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragon's and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp look out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effect of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors. The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in, was *the Vision of Mirza*, and a hymn of *Adaison's*, beginning "*How are thy servants blest, O Lord!*" I particularly remember one half stanza which was music to my boyish ear—

"*For though on dreadful whirls we hung,*
"*High on the broken wave.*—"

I met with these pieces in *Mason's English Collection*, one of my school books. The two first books I ever read in private and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were *the Life of Hannibal, and the history of sir William Wallace*. Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins which will boil along there, until the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest.

Polemical divinity about this time was putting the country half mad, and I, ambitious of shining in conversation parties on Sundays between sermons, &c. used a few years afterwards to puzzle Calvinism with so much heat and indiscretion, that I raised a hue and cry of heresy against me, which has not ceased to this hour.

My vicinity to Ayr was some advantage to me. My social disposition, when not checked by some modification of spirited pride, was like our catechism definition of infinitude, *without bounds or limits*. I formed several connections with other younkers who possessed superior advantages: the youngling actors who were busy in the rehearsal of parts in which they were to appear on the stage of life, when alas! I was destined to drudge behind the scenes. It is not commonly at this green age that our young gentry have a just sense of the immense distance between them and their ragged play-fellows. It takes a few dashes into the world to give the young great man that proper, decent, unnoticing disregard for the poor, insignificant, stupid devils, the mechanics and peasantry around him, who were, perhaps, born in the same village. My young superiors never insulted the *clownery* appearance of my plough-boy carcase, the two extremes of which were often exposed to all the inclemencies of all the seasons. They would give me stray volumes of books; among them, then, I could pick up some observations; and one, whose heart, I am sure, not even the *munny begum* scenes have tainted, helped me to a little French. Parting with these my young friends and benefactors, as they occasionally went off for the East, or West-Indies, was often to me a sore affliction; but I was soon called to more serious evils. [*To be Continued.*]

☞ *Complete files, from No.* 1, *of the present volume, may be had on application.*

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